

A Fawcett Publication

# ANDY DEVINE

WESTERN

10¢  
NO. 2

OUR HERO'S AN ABSOLUTE ZERO  
THAT'S WHY HE'S THE JEST OF THE WEST



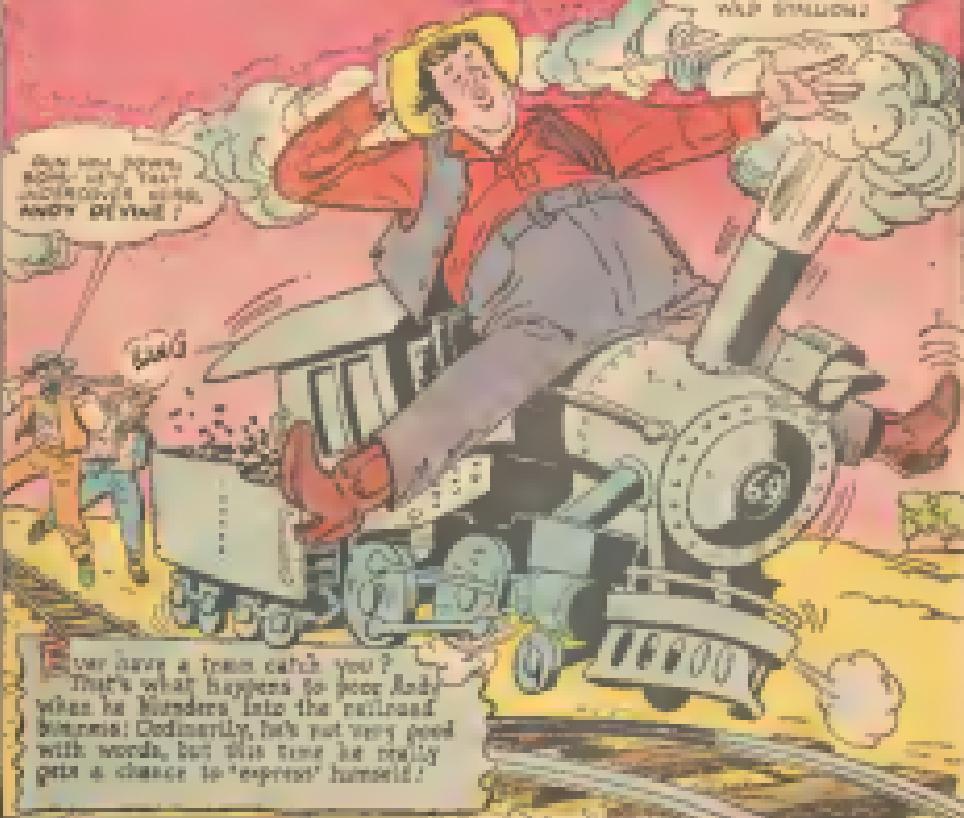
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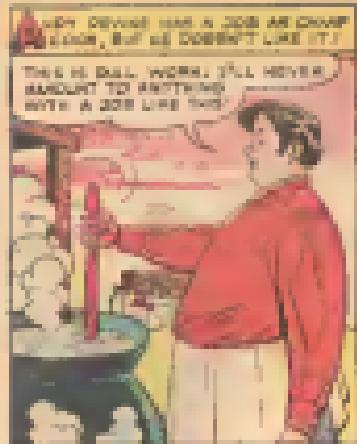
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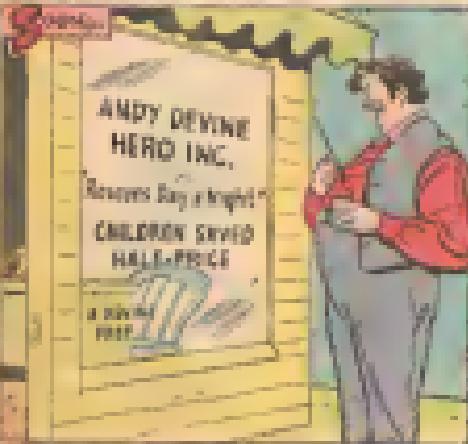
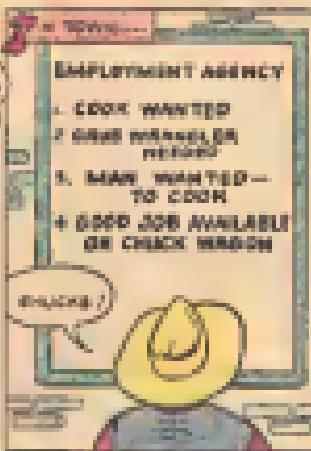
by *Al Avison* *Illustrator*

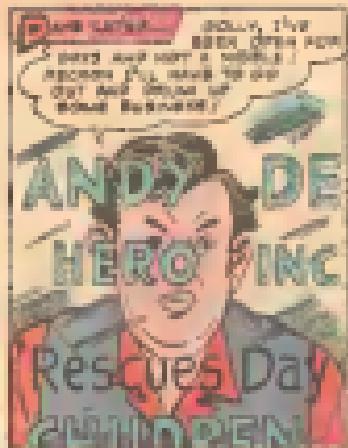
# ANDY DEVINE in HARD TRAINING

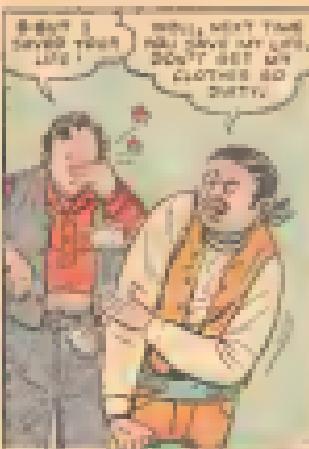
WOW! THE BIGGEST  
BUCKS EVER MADE  
WALD STALION!

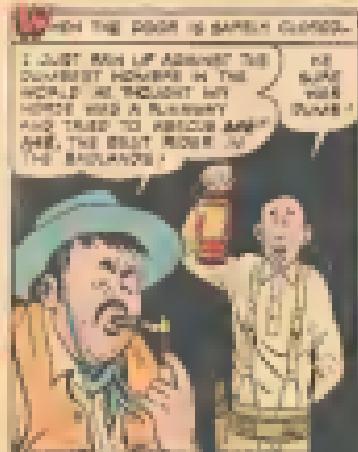
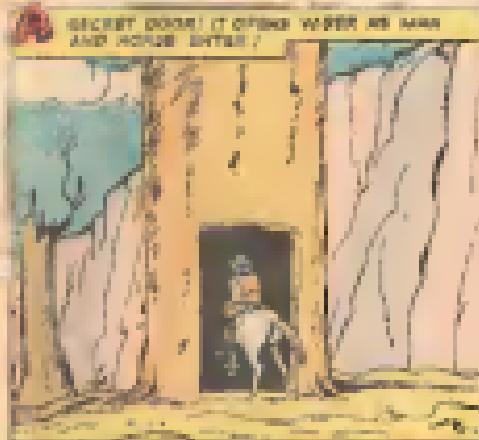


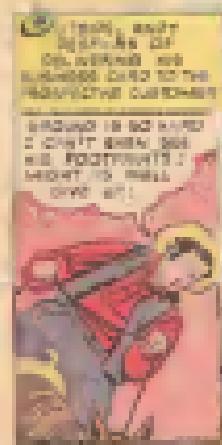




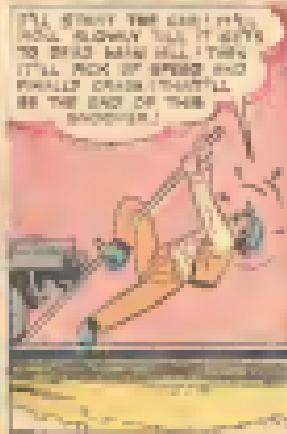
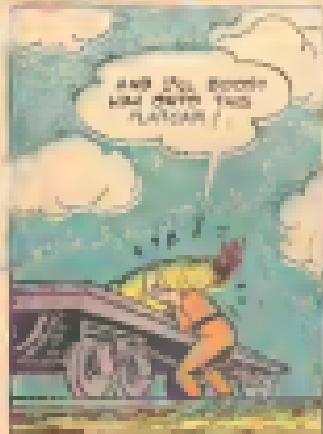




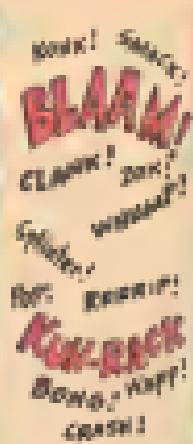




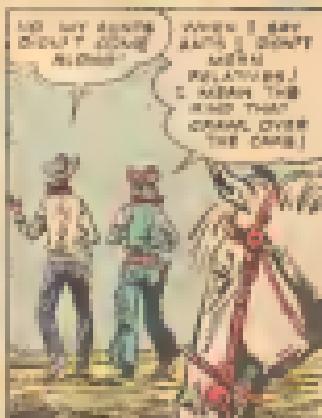




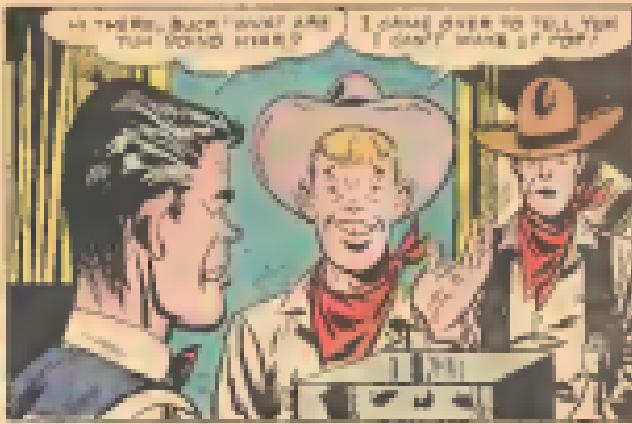










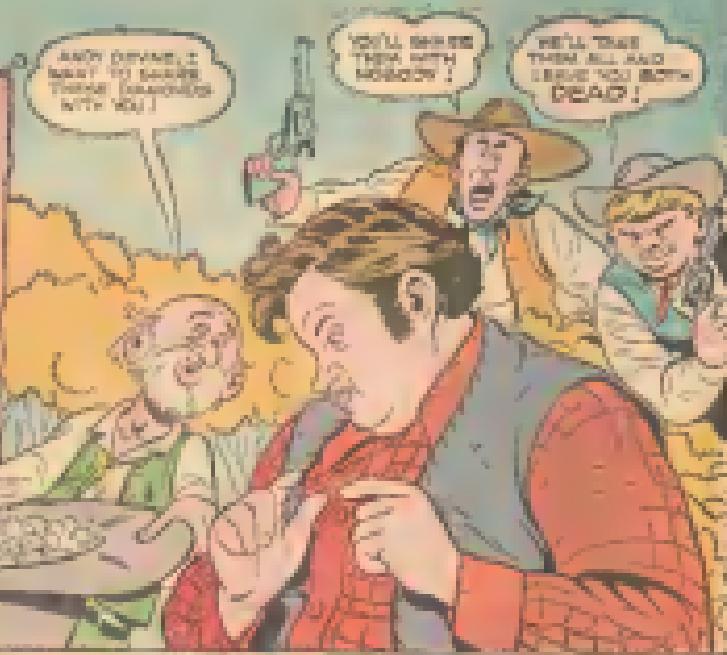


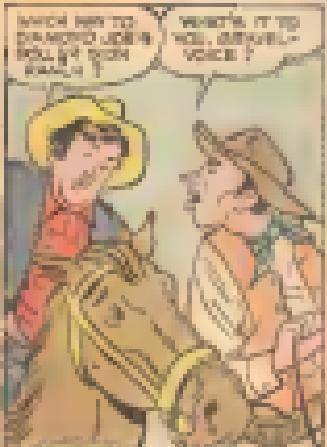
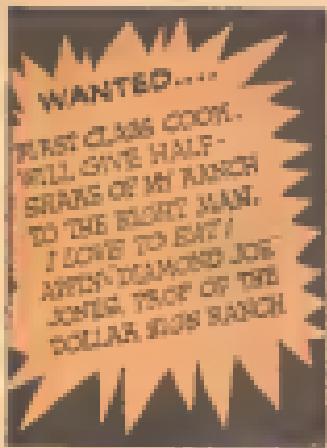
# ANDY DEVINE

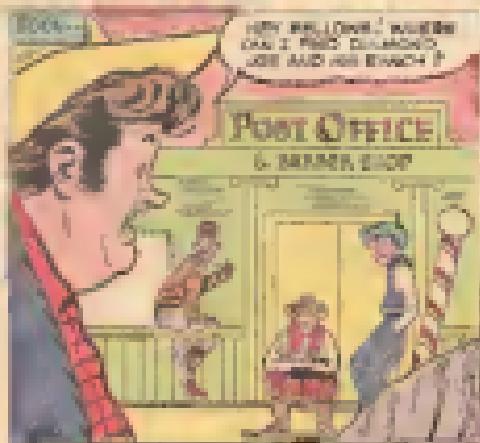
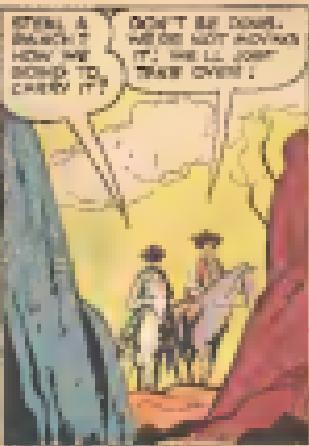
## in "ROUGH DIAMONDS"



ONE DAY A MAN HENTS  
A GOLD RUSH TOWARD  
THE MOUNTAINS.  
SO IT WAS WITH  
ANDY DEVINE,  
THE GREAT STOKER  
WHO COULD MAKE  
A STEAM ENGINE OR  
STAKE  
AND TURN HEMBOL.  
BUT ANDY COULDNT  
STOP THEM WHEN  
HE LOOKED FOR  
THE GOLD HE WANTED  
AND LOOKED FOR  
DANGER  
AND  
DEATH!







AS ANDY WENT ON, HE PASTURED THE BUNCH  
OF HORSES.



AND HERE'S THE  
MAN EVER SO LUCKY.

WITH HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS  
THERE, WILL NOT HEAR  
THE BARK.



AT LAST ANDY HAD TO —

SAY, MISTER, COULD  
YOU PLEASE TELL ME THE  
DOLLAR HORSE BUNCH?



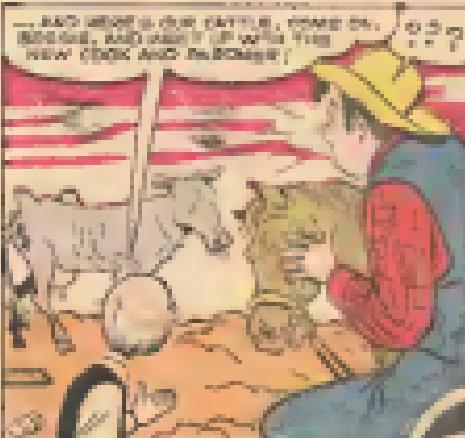
SAY, IN THAT  
HORSE BUNCH, NO, WHERE,  
THERE'S NO HORSES  
BUT THE HORSES  
ARE SICK.



WELL, THEN, PLEASE, FOR ME, THIS HORSE IS  
NOT ONE TO  
HORSES.

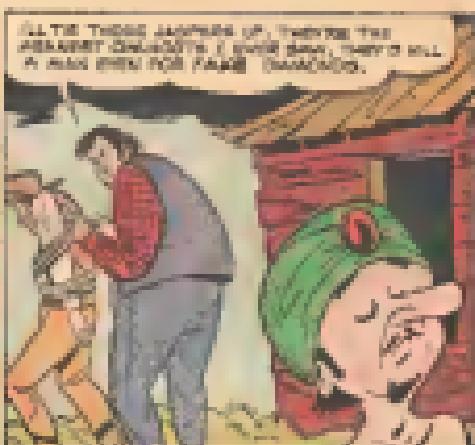


AND HERE'S OUR DOLLAR HORSE BUNCH,  
BOTH HORSES ARE WITH THIS  
NEW COAT AND NEW HORSES.











# GUNSMOKE DREAMS

By Avery Thomas

**I**T WAS a man with white-hair and white-beard old man Maggiboy became accustomed to seeing him sitting in the long California saddle he chose tilted against the side of the filing station. His name was Jess Hordley, and no one really knew anything about him except that he was nearly old and lived an easy sort of person. He worked with the Scrubbers just up the river, and sometimes he kept watch over the station for Mike Scudler, the owner.

On this particular afternoon the old man was alone. Trade was slow. And though the old fellow could bubble about and pump gas if need be he preferred to rest in the sun and dream.

However, when nobody was around, he would sit in hisself. He did so now.

Tombstone was a small rip-roaring town "he announced in the quiet afternoon. "Wasn't nothing but a mudhole at first, a mudhole in the San Pedro valley where old Ed Schmidlin managed to dig out all the Apache long enough to find silver. But when the silver was found — how they came then! How they swarmed! By 1880 I reckon there was more gamblers and all around grafters in Tombstone than anywhere else in the country. And no law — except what you carried in your hip!"

Jess stopped wandering and filled his pipe again. He was glad there were no folks around to hear him talking to himself like that. The words just slipped out somehow. He never talked much to young people but he thought they would think him a bit cracked. It was always the same he reckoned and young folks didn't rightly understand the old. Each man had to live his own life, make his own mistakes.

Speaking of his mistakes — that took him back to Tombstone again! That blazing day so long ago, when he and Sam Garret had been prospecting up in the Oregon Mountains. They had been carabin too carabin and it had always cost him his hair. Apache! Seven of them measured an awfully little spaces,

whipping the blinds as they rode on to make the hill.

That day he and Sam had spotted the Apache just in time to make the shelter of some rocks. The Indians were beating on the stones to dislodge the water they'd scared away — and they had very little water.

The old man began to speak in broken agave, staring wearily at the line of blue hills on the horizon. He seemed to have forgotten the storm, the filing station, the houses around.

"Poor Sam! Got an arrow in his throat the first ten minutes. Died a mere lousy after I gave him all the water, and I was clear with the Apache."

They had played a waiting game, shuffling behind the rocks, shooting tems, bouting at the Indians he could repeat when his amnesia was gone. Good thing they hadn't rushed him because that had saved his life. Another party of men, prospecting nearby, heard the shots and came to his rescue. That night he had ridden back to Tombstone with the party.

Not that living in Tombstone was any guarantee of a long life! Men by a long way! He had been passing them, barely memory, but he remembered vividly the sort of men who dominated the silver town. As tough as you could find anywhere. Killers a lot of them. Whether on the side of the law, or against it. Gunfighters every one of them with tempers even faster than their guns. He had known scores of such men, willing to make their fortunes on the back of a card at their friends on the spend of a dime.

The old man sighed. Dang his old pipe. Wouldn't stay lit for anything. He adjusted his chair against the filing station. What was taking that Scudler, hell an infernal long? A nice young fellow with a wife and new baby. A veteran of the Pacific war, and he'd been away done he could take or borrow into the filing station. Young wife, had their troubles, today, didn't he had had.

His thoughts drifted away again. That night in Tombstone when he had stood aside by order with Sheriff Holliday against the Ruby miners. His first gun fight? Never before had he

lured a man and drawn a gun! And with his actions made more pitiful than all of them, he had provoked his Daddy long years before so that he would never kill a man. Not if he could possibly avoid it. Jess Morley's chuckle quivered deep in his strength-worn throat, three fingers — he had "burned"! Didn't want to kill the man — yet knowing he couldn't check down. Not in Tumbleweed! The Burdys were men with a reputation for killing because they liked it, and the fight had blown up suddenly as lights had always done things done.

Jess remembered Dad's words, as though it had been yesterday. Dot with the cold eyes and nervous hands were "Oh no!" Dot had whispered, "Dad! First Grand-dad — get in close to your gun there will blind them."

Jess had survived last night it was all over he had been shooting like a madman in a fury. It had never been as bad after that — and he had never killed a man. Always he shot the wrist, or the leg, and somehow the hand gotten by, had lived.

The old man blushed and came back to the California sun. All that had happened so long ago. Of all the men he had known, in those days — only he was alive today. A strange thing.

Tires crunched on the gravel banks the gas pumps. A car stopped and a big young man got out and stretched his arm. Jess and said, "Hey, Pop! How about some gas? Soap it up, we ain't got all day."

Tom hobbled toward the pumps. On his days like this his rheumatism wasn't so bad, and he could almost walk erectly, bent only a little at the shoulders.

There was another shot in the car, behind the wheel. He glanced at the old man as he took down the hose and set the regulator. The man asked, "They leave you here all alone, Dad?" Looks like that horse is too much for you."

Jess was about Jess hollered. Well, in their twenties, but look to him. Never afraid, too. He noticed the license plates of the car. One of ours and, by the looks of the car, it had been driven long and hard.

The big, piping man hollered him a twenty, and Tom hobbled into the station to make change. When he turned his hands full of bills, the man was behind him. He was pointing a semi-cased revolver at the old man's stomach.

"Quench the drought" he rapped. "Just hand it over and you won't get hurt." His laugh was ugly. "You're too old for excitement, old timer! If the gun gets off it might scare you to death."

Jess hobbled from the money, watched as he stepped more from the cash drawer. There was a lot of it, too much, because Mike had put

off going to the bank. More than Mike could afford to live with things going the way they were.

The hand reached toward the door, snatching the roll of bills in his cash pocket. "Okay, Pop. Fuck! You just stay there till we're gone, son."

The other man called from the car. "Come on! Never used that old feel! We got to get out of here!"

As the hand turned his back and ran for the car Jess reached into the cash drawer, his back to where the revolver lay against the partition. His gaunt hand closed like a scorpion claw around the cool heat of the gun. Even as he spun toward the open door, he thought: "Never thought I'd see another shooting like."

As he lived the gun at his target his hand began to tremble. He was so old, it had been so long since he'd squeezed a trigger! And he didn't want to kill these young fellows. Maybe they deserved it, maybe they didn't, but he wasn't a judge. He just had to stop them from taking Mike's money. His finger tightened on the trigger. Had just time to hope that some shred of his skill remained.

The gun barked in his hand like a live thing. The shot went wide, rapping into the car. Jess could chuckle, even in the tense moment knowing like that would never have gotten by in his old days.

The shot was not wasted, because it had started the car at the wheel that he called the motor. Before he could fire the motor again, he was turning a shattered wrist, swearing in pain and out of the light.

The second bullet, flying at Jess, scrabbled over the screaming man and fired at Jess again. Drove behind the car. A bullet tapped at the old man's shirt. His coat crawled off. A different shot — it would be easy to kill Jess — squeezed off his last shot, saw the hand drop to the ground and shiver his left shoulder.

When the pistol had come and gone, taking the two wounded men to join a small crowd gathered around old Jess Morley. They all chattered at once, pressing and wondering.

Mike Bascom, he carryin' up a good bit of the old man in one. "One, old timer! Where did you learn to shoot like that? Wasn't you afraid of those things? You did well, of course, but after all you're an."

Jess snarled. "I know Mike. You just an old man. And I was scared, son. As scared as I ever been in my whole life!"

It was the truth, too. It would have been a terrible thing had he killed that man. Jess snarled then. He hadn't — and that long ago promise to his Daddy was still unbroken. And no one need ever know that when he wangled the bullet in the shoulder, he was really aiming at his feet.

THE END

# ANDY DEVINE

in

## HORSE SENSE LESS



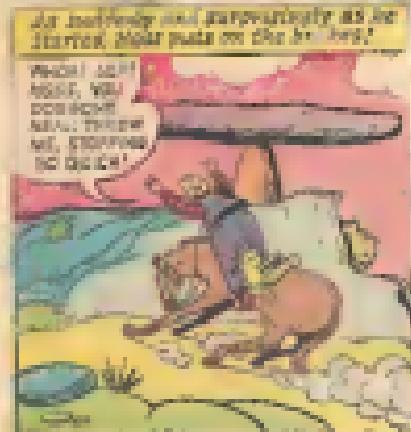
This horse named Ross is Andy Devine's best friend and constant companion. Ross is a great horse whose hoofs are spread in powdered sugar perhaps by his lightning breath. Ross is bound to run away from the bad guys but that's not all that's right. He'll always bring trouble when he gets Andy into that fix!

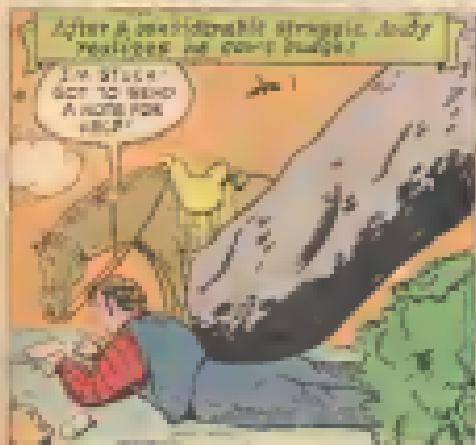
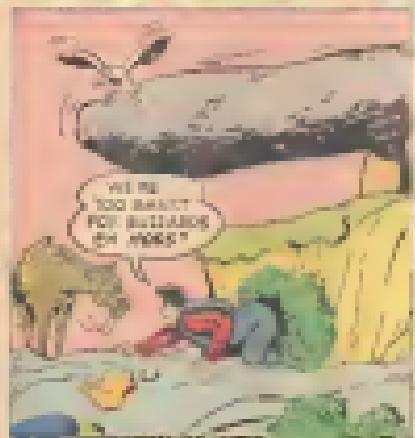
Andy Devine and his mighty horse, Ross, made up one of the *Funsize* films.

ROSS, I WISH WE COULD FIND THE FAMOUS LOST SAVANNAH. I WOULD SUPPOSE IT TO BE UP HERE IN THE PURPLE HILLS SOMEWHERE.

SO THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT THE PURPLE HILLS BECAUSE SO MANY WESTERNS SEARCHED FOR IT AND FAILED — FAILERI FINALLY BECAUSE THEY GOT QUAMIE HILLER!







PLenty of men would murmur  
at me just to get the note  
for them selves. I've got to  
make sure across taking the  
note to the sheriff. Here  
the only honest I can  
trust.

After cutting a star shaped  
piece of her from the back  
card, Jerry goes to the top  
table to save...



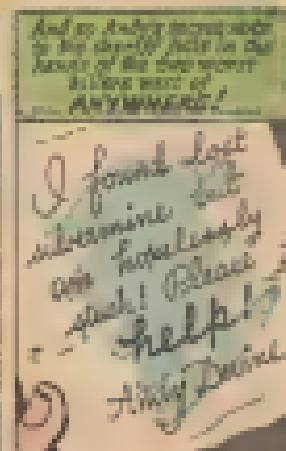
Now, don't give the note to  
anybody unless you're making  
a star like this, say!

WHO KILLED SHERIFF, AND HE'S  
NOT A SMALL MURKER. TOO  
MUCH COFFEE DRINKS TO  
THINK OF CUTTING A  
REGULAR STAR OUT  
OF A BEAN CAN!

On liberty day, the sheriff  
and a deputy are looking to  
protect citizens of the Purple Hills.

KEEP A PUN OF LOOKOUT. SOMEBODY  
REMOVES HEADSTOCK AND HE  
THROWS OUT OF TRUCK.  
MAGNIFICENT FIELD IS  
FOR LIBERTYSHIRE AND  
"FREEDOM" RIDE IN

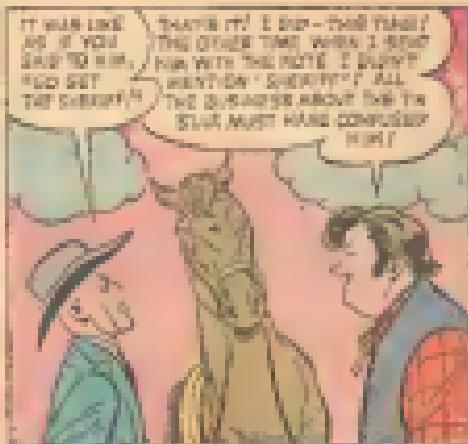






ANDY DEVINE





# QUIZ...

**Q1** Is a dog force trained personnel  
True  False



**Q2** Can dogs force trained personnel enter a building to be admitted to that person?  
True  False



**Q3** Is a dog force trained personnel  
True  False



**Q4** What was the first state to be admitted to the United States?  
True  False



**Q5** What was the first state to be admitted to the United States?  
True  False

**ANSWER:** The first state to be admitted to the United States was Massachusetts. It joined the Union on September 17, 1788.



TARNATION!  
CAN'T REMEMBER  
WHAT I WAS  
TRYING TO  
FORGET!